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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Mémoires du Maréchal Ney, [Memoirs of Marshal Ney.] Duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskowa. Publiés par sa Famille.* 2 vols. Paris and London: Bull.

WHEN Napoleon marched, in the summer of 1800, to bring back victory to the Eagles of France, a division of his army, as it hastened to the scene of action, halted within sight of the little town of Sarre-Louis, on the borders of German Lorraine, and the general who led it, pointing with his sword, said with emotion, "Gentlemen and fellow soldiers, that is my birthplace: I am the son of a cooper, and thirteen years ago, on the spot where I now stand, I parted in tears with my father and mother to become a soldier: I bid you welcome to my native town." This leader was the celebrated Marshal Ney, whose Memoirs are now before us—the incident we have related, could have happened nowhere save in America or France. We are glad to see this work: it is, beyond all doubt, authentic, and comes from his family: there is, however, less individuality—less of a connected line of events, than we could have desired; in truth, it is more a succession of pictures of individual characters, among which Ney is prominent, and a narrative of marches, and battles, and sieges, than the life, private and public, of the great Marshal. Be that as it may, the work is a valuable one: it has very little of the leaven of national feeling and partiality in it, and it makes us acquainted not only with Ney himself, but with some of the chief leaders of the armies, such as Kleber, Hoche, Jourdan, Moreau, and others scarcely less celebrated. We always admired the dauntless bravery of the "bravest of the brave,"—now, we must love the simplicity and kindness of his nature, his affection for his soldiers, his love for his country, his scorn of all that was sordid, and his resolute exposure of the arts of the mercenary and vile: we may add—and the sympathy is not solitary—that we lament his too tragic, and, we fear, unmerited death, and grieve that Britain—so often merciful—failed to interpose and remonstrate.

Michael Ney, born at Sarre-Louis, 10th May, 1769, was educated by the Monks of St. Augustine; he was of a turbulent disposition, kept his school comrades in awe, and showed such a liking to the military life, that his father, who had himself been a soldier, sought to wean him from it, by painting the privations he had endured, and the dangers he had encountered in the bloody battle of Rosbach. This served but the more to strengthen the resolution of Michael to become a soldier, and, accordingly, in the eighteenth year of his age, after having tried the profession of Notary and Overseer of Mines, he announced his determination to his father and mother—parted with them in tears, as we have related—and, hurrying to Metz, enlisted in the Hussars. At this mo-

ment he was without money, almost without clothes, and had nothing to depend on but a dauntless nature and a resolution to do or die. The army of France was then as the army of England is now: commissions belonged to the aristocracy alone; and genius, without money or patrons, was confined to the ranks. Even in those times, Ney was not undistinguished: he submitted patiently to all the rules of discipline; he mastered all he set his heart upon with astonishing rapidity, and, as he wrote a fine hand, he was soon employed in the Quarter Master's office. He had other merits:—

"He distinguished himself among his comrades by his fine, soldierlike appearance, his great dexterity in the use of his weapons, and by the ease and boldness with which he rode the most dangerous horses, and broke in those hitherto considered unmanageable. On this account, every regimental affair of honour was confided to him. The fencing-master of the Chasseurs de Vintimille, a regiment also quartered at Metz, was, like most regimental fencing-masters of those days, a dangerous duellist, and, as such, dreaded not only by young recruits, but by old and experienced swordsmen. This man had wounded the fencing-master of the Colonel-Général, and insulted the whole regiment. The non-commissioned officers having held a meeting to take measures for the punishment of this bully, Ney, just promoted to the rank of brigadier, was selected, as the bravest and cleverest swordsman, to inflict the chastisement deemed necessary. He accepted the mission with joy, but just as the duel was about to commence, he felt some one pull him violently by the tail. On turning his head he perceived the colonel of his regiment, who immediately put him under arrest."

The quarrel did not end here: Ney sought the man out—disabled him by a wound in the wrist—on which he was discharged from the army, and reduced to poverty: but when his conqueror grew rich, he sought him out, and made him comfortable with a small pension. Ney never forgot his origin—he was in most matters too a thorough republican:

"When at the very climax of his fortune, he loved to call to mind the point from which he had started. It grieved him, during his career, to see old errors revived, the principles of equality lost sight of, and the bearers of ancient names and titles loaded with favours, without any personal merit to justify such partiality. He was much displeased at the eagerness shown to court such individuals; and he required numerous proofs of courage and talent, ere he could overcome the unfavourable impression which he at first conceived of officers forced upon him by policy, and in opposition to his own glorious recollections. When in their presence, he always made a point of speaking of his early life. If any officers talked before him of their noble birth, of the pecuniary allowances they received from their families, or of their expectations of hereditary wealth, he would say, 'I was less fortunate than you, gentlemen; I received nothing from my family, and I thought myself rich at Metz when I had two loaves of bread upon my shelf.'"

With the commencement of the Revolu-

tionary war, commenced the rise of Ney: a man whose presence of mind never forsook him—whose fortitude was unshaken—who was not only brave himself, but inspired with his own courage all who were in his company—who seemed to court danger, to show with what ease he could triumph over it, and who was as fortunate as he was daring—could not but rise to distinction, in times when talent was called to take the precedence of birth. Nor did he rise by soldierly qualities alone: he was merciful and he was honest: all this did not escape the penetrating eye of Kleber, who pushed him on to distinction, much, as it appears from official documents, against Ney's inclination. Kleber was not a little vain, and what was worse, the slave of passion:

"Having once taken a dislike to an officer to whom he had formerly been attached, he wanted to get rid of him. Having ordered his aide-de-camp, Ney, to make a minute of an order to this effect, 'You are going to send him away,' the latter observed, 'because—'

"'Because,' replied Kleber with violence, 'I don't like him.'

"'Well then,' said Ney, 'you may get somebody else to write the minute, for I would cut my arm off rather than be the instrument of recording such an order.'

"Kleber, speechless with astonishment, looked for a considerable time at the presumptuous aide-de-camp without speaking a word; then mildly said, 'Well, let him remain! You desire it, and so let it be.'"

It was his fortune in some of the first of his fields, to encounter whole regiments of French emigrants, who, in their anger, had drawn their swords against their country: to spare them was to incense the Directory, and to be stern, was contrary to the nature of Ney: his men had captured some emigrant priests—

"In the presence of those who captured them, he affected to speak with great violence, and to threaten them with the full penalty of the law; but after he had dismissed his men, under pretence of examining the prisoners in private, he altered his manner, gave them food and money, and sent them the same night under a disguise to a town through which he knew the army would not pass. Next morning, Ney affected violent anger at their escape, which was publicly announced to him. Although he endeavoured to keep as secret as possible the share he had in this flight, it nevertheless became known to the representatives. But the measures of blood, so ripe a short time before, were now beginning to be less frequent, and political hatred was rapidly subsiding. The representatives were therefore afraid to act against the kind-hearted General. One of them, however, loudly exclaimed against so flagrant a violation of the law; the other, more generous, admired Ney's magnanimity in risking his own life to save those of his prisoners. 'Your friend Ney,' he observed to Kleber, 'knows how to spare the blood of his countrymen.'"

Of the calm intrepidity of Ney, many instances are given in these memoirs: but they are scattered at random, and often out of place:—

"Calm amid showers of grape-shot, unmoved

by the most terrific discharges of artillery, by the balls which dealt death and destruction around him, Ney appeared unconscious of the danger,—he seemed as if he bore a charmed life. This calm rashness, which twenty years of peril did not overcome, gave to his mind that freedom of thought, that promptitude of decision and execution so necessary amid the complicated manœuvres of war and battle. This surprised the officers under his command, still more than that courage of action in which they all shared. One of the latter, a man of tried valour, asked him one day if he had ever been afraid; thus summing up in a single word that profound indifference to danger, that forgetfulness of death, that tension of mind, and that mental labour so necessary to a general-in-chief upon the field of battle. 'I have never had time,' was the Marshal's reply.

"This indifference, however, did not prevent him from noticing in others, those slight shades of weakness from which very few soldiers are wholly exempt. An officer was one day making a report to him; a cannon ball passed so close to them, that the officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid it: nevertheless, he continued his report without betraying any emotion. 'Very well,' said the Marshal; 'but another time don't make so low a bow.'"

As he rose in fame, he began to appear not only as the friend of the soldier, but also of the people whose country the army in which he served, occupied: he repressed exactions, and refused to participate in that system of plunder which disgraced others. Of this high feeling, there are many instances—the following not the worst:—

"General Ney having taken Eberfeld, whose manufactures of steel had rendered it opulent, the magistrates, dreading its occupation, offered him a large sum of money if he would maintain the strictest discipline among his soldiers. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I thankfully accept the conditions you offer; not, however, for myself, for I want not your money—but for my soldiers, who are in want of everything. They are destitute of clothing and shoes. Employ the money you offer me in providing them with these necessities, and I promise you they shall give you no reason to complain.' The magistrates, in surprise, readily subscribed to these terms. Under similar circumstances, Turenne evinced the same disinterestedness. But Turenne belonged to a rich and noble family, and Ney was very poor; nevertheless, the action of the former is trumpeted forth by every one,—that of the latter, forgotten. Such is worldly justice—such the even-handed distribution of fame."

The earliest friends of Ney, were Kleber and Moreau—they both perished early, one in Egypt and the other in Germany, and both too soon for their country: they were the artificers of their own fortunes—they became what their own deeds made them, and though numbered by noble emigrants among the vulgar plebeian race, they appear to have been noble and high-souled: here are their portraits in small:—

"These were Moreau and Kléber;—the one short, delicately formed, and in the spring of life: the other tall, strong, and of heroic stature. Both, under this contrast of form and appearance, displayed equal ardour and ability; both had won laurels in the field of battle, and both had already given proofs of those great military talents which they afterwards more fully developed."

We have already said, that these Memoirs are deficient in arrangement: the passage which relates how Kleber and Ney became acquainted, should have found an earlier place.

"At the end of July 1794, soon after the battle of Fleurus and the taking of Mons, Kléber, still excited by his victory, was preparing to follow it up. The Austrian army was at some distance from him. Anxious to reconnoitre its position, he set out with an escort picket, and on the road entered into conversation with the officer who commanded it. He was so pleased with the clear and judicious observations of the latter, that he determined to appoint him to his staff. Pajol, aide-de-camp to Kléber, delivered the order of appointment to this officer, who turned out to be Ney."

Other great warriors began to distinguish themselves in conducting the war into the heart of Germany: Scherer and Jourdan united themselves to Kleber in the campaign of 1794—the van was led by one whose high fortune has survived till now, and is likely to continue:—

"Bernadotte led the van. This officer had been recently promoted to the rank of General; he combined with the courage which characterized the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, an experience seldom found at that period in the French ranks. He had been a soldier from the age of fourteen; had seen service in America as well as in Europe; and had evinced on the banks of the Delaware, as he then did on the Sambre, that eagle eye, and velocity of manœuvre, which few of his colleagues then possessed. He added to the ascendancy which the habit of warfare had given him, many qualities not less precious in a soldier. He was enterprising, intrepid, and as ardent in action as in the expression of his opinions. His enthusiasm delighted the men under his command; his fine, soldierlike appearance, and his confidence, warmed their imaginations. There was nothing too difficult for them when led on by him—nothing they would not undertake at his bidding. But everything has its limits; valour even meets with obstacles which it cannot overcome."

The invading army, having crushed that of the veteran Clairfayt, was now divided: Kleber became solicitous of retaining Ney, and for this purpose invoked the aid of Gillet, a representative as well as a leader—it was given in these remarkable words:—

"I know them all extremely well," he wrote to his colleagues, 'and have seen them in actual service. They belong to a good and energetic school, by whose precepts they have profited. They display great zeal, and I urgently recommend them to your notice. It is but justice to these brave young men. As for Ney, you will determine whether or not he is to remain with Kléber. For my own part, I think he would be very useful in the army before Mayence. He is a distinguished officer; and is necessary to our large body of cavalry. Men of his stamp are not common.'"

The war continued, and Ney had many opportunities of showing his daring and fiery promptitude of soul: he had also an opportunity of refusing the rank of general of brigade, which Kleber, an admirable judge, attempted in vain to persuade him he deserved. At length, in that campaign concerted by Carnot, in which Napoleon was to lead his conquering army into Germany, and, uniting with Moreau, advance upon Vienna, the genius of Ney became so conspicuous, that Kleber rode up to him, on his return from the capture of the fortress of Forcheim, and, in the presence of his soldiers, complimented him on his success—the passage is remarkable:—

"In the presence of his men, he said the most flattering things respecting his activity and courage; and suddenly interrupting himself, he

added: 'But I shall not compliment you upon your modesty; because, when carried too far, it ceases to be a good quality. In sum, you may receive my declaration as you please, but my mind is made up, and I insist upon your being General of Brigade.'

"The chasseurs clapped their hands in applause, and the officers warmly expressed their satisfaction at the general's determination. Ney alone remained thoughtful. He seemed still in doubt whether he should accept a promotion which he had already declined, and he uttered not a word.

"'Well!' said Kléber, in the kindest manner, 'you appear very much grieved and confused; but the Austrians are there waiting for you; go and vent your ill humour upon them. As for me, I shall acquaint the Directory with your promotion.'

"He kept his word in the following terms:

"Adjutant-general Ney, in this and the preceding campaigns, has given numerous proofs of talent, zeal, and intrepidity; but he surpassed even himself in the battle which took place yesterday, and he had two horses killed under him.

"I have thought myself justified in promoting him, upon the field of battle, to the rank of general of brigade. A commission of this grade was forwarded to him eighteen months ago, but his modesty did not allow him then to accept it. By confirming this promotion, Citizens Directors, you will perform a striking act of your justice."

The van of the army was now committed to this intrepid general; he was under the eye, not only of Kleber, but of Jourdan and Moreau. The commission of general of brigade came from the Directory to Jourdan, who enclosed it to Ney, with a note which shows how widely his merits were felt:—

"I enclose you, General, your commission of general of brigade, which I have just received from the War minister. Government has thus discharged the debt which it owed to one of its worthiest and most zealous servants; and it has only done justice to the talents and courage of which you daily give fresh proofs. Accept my sincere congratulation. Health and Fraternity."

"JOURDAN."  
"Head-quarters, Hersbruck, 25th Thermidor, Year IV. (15th August, 1796.)"

These Memoirs will be useful to the biographer and the historian,—they will, likewise, be useful to the soldier: they will show the latter that great success can only be achieved by high talents, and that high talents are next to useless, unless united with the art of communicating to the army the enthusiasm and courage which distinguish the leader. In these high qualities almost all the great French marshals shared,—they were modest, obedient, persevering, and brave. We have met with little in history which pleases us more than the following letter from Jourdan, resigning the command of his victorious army:—

"During five years,' Jourdan wrote to the Directory, 'I have served the republic in different ranks, and I have neglected nothing in my power for the fulfilment of my duties. I know not by what chance I was raised to the rank of general of brigade, and successively to that of general-in-chief. I never solicited such promotion, and I have always declared that I was not qualified for such an important office as the latter. Having, however, been forced under peculiar circumstances to accept it, I have worked day and night to acquire military knowledge, and have endeavoured to make up for want of experience by the greatest activity. If my endeavours have not always been successful,

I have at least done all in my power to make them so. I have been supported, in the toilsome career I have run, by my earnest love of freedom. I have ever proved myself a friend to order, and an obedient slave to the law. The feelings of my heart have led me to command by the confidence of friendship; and from the moment I perceived that these feelings were not reciprocal, I did not hesitate to sacrifice my military renown, and my personal interest, by demanding my recall. I never belonged to any faction; and whenever any internal commotion has occurred in the republic, being too far off to be able to appreciate its causes, I have always calmly awaited the result, occupying my mind only with the means of defeating the foreign enemies of my country. Such, Citizens Directors, has been my military conduct; if you think it merits your approbation, I should be proud to receive an intimation of it."

We must break off: our quotations show how much we are pleased with these volumes. In our next number we shall give more extracts, and say something of the remainder of the career of the "bravest of the brave."

*A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in his Search for a Religion.* By the Rev. M. O'Sullivan. Dublin: Curry & Co.; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

WE are not disposed to enter into the grounds of controversy between the Irish Gentleman and his Guide; but we must say that Mr. O'Sullivan is far superior to his antagonist in calmness, candour, and tolerant feeling—qualities that amply compensate for the want of that sparkling wit and polished sarcasm which enlivened Moore's pages. It is our deliberate opinion, that a candid consideration of the points at issue between the churches of Rome and England, as they are at present believed by the enlightened followers of both, would lead to the conclusion that their difference in creed is little more than verbal, and their difference in discipline confined to matters absolutely non-essential. We have had countless volumes on the differences between Christian sects—we want one on their agreement;—if the world once knew how trifling were the discrepancies—how ridiculous the debates which lighted inquisitorial fires, armed crusading armies, and sullied the European codes with penal statutes—intolerance would be hooted from the earth, not merely as pernicious, but ridiculous. On this account, though we value highly the volume before us, we regret the necessity that caused its appearance. Mr. O'Sullivan, though not a bitter, is a severe antagonist: he charges his opponent with garbling quotations, and brings forward instances of this unfairness, which are a little astounding. We shall with sorrow notice one. The Irish Gentleman quotes a passage thus, as from Hooker—

"I wish, (says Hooker,) men would give themselves more time to meditate with silence on what we have in the sacrament, and less to dispute the manner how. Sith we all agree that Christ by the sacrament doth really and truly perform in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble ourselves with so fierce contention, whether by consubstantiation or transubstantiation."

This is given as a continuous extract, composed of two perfect sentences. But, in fact, it contains but parts of two sentences, which are separated by three pages of close print;

and the intervening matter proves the contrary of that which the quotation is adduced to support.

#### THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Vol. VII.

*Tales of the Caravanserai.—The Khan's Tale.* By J. B. Fraser, Esq. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

IT seems the wish of the Editor of this work to supply us with tales of all lands and of all characters. The domestic, the heroic, and the imaginative, come before us in turns; nay, we have some, and the 'Khan's Tale' among them, which unite all the three, with no deficiency of either skill or genius. We like—nor is this the first time we have said so—the plan of this Library; it was somewhat bold, indeed, we thought, to undertake to supply the public with a monthly issue of works of fancy; but then Britain is fertile in writers of a dramatic or romantic turn, and the preceding volumes show that some of them have powers fit for entertaining and instructing us. Besides, the world wants leisure now to encounter three solid tomes of romance at a down-sitting; he is an author to the public taste, and in keeping with the hurry-scurry of these bewildering times, who can pack all he has to offer, of imagination and fact, into one neat portable volume. It is in this way that Mr. Ritchie serves up his feast of fancy, and we thank him for his moderation. It is true that the Tale of the Khan is the commencing story of a series; but it is something to be able to wind up all the affairs of love or war at the end of one volume; we can then hold ourselves ready to commence a new adventure, with new characters, in another part of the world.

The present story is an eastern one; but those who imagine that it is a flowery narrative, composed of flashy periods, redolent of all manner of gums, and essences, and odours, must prepare to be agreeably disappointed. It is a tale of love and war—of hardships endured, and perils conquered—it breathes of the East in every page, and gives us a lively image of a strange people, whose manners, feelings, modes of thinking, plans of action, and poetic and almost scriptural mode of expression, are all different from our own. The author relates the varied fortunes of Reza Koolee, a Koordish prince, and the fair Leilah, a princess of a hostile tribe, whom he happened to rescue from the chief of a neighbouring state, whose rejected suit compelled him to resort to a lion-like mode of wooing. After many a battle lost or won; many a strange adventure above ground and below—for in a hot land a cavern is a pleasant place to woo in—after many a combat, many a surprise, and many a rescue, heroism and true love triumph, and the prince and princess marry and reign in peace. It must not be supposed, however, that, much as we like this story, we entirely approve of it: there are too many bickerings, and battlings, and runnings, and ridings: the course of true love never did run smooth; but here, love, instead of running in a stream, is agitated in a tornado. Leilah has, indeed, a sad time of it: she is run away with twice, and she is twice rescued; and the prince, her lover, is everything by turns, and nothing long. In truth, the story is indifferently put together, and the deep impression which the very natural and graphic dialogues, and the very

varied, and, in most instances, very vigorous characters, make upon the reader, is owing to their own merits alone. Perhaps the best passages in the work are those which relate the love—strong as death—ever active, affectionate, and high-souled, which existed between the princess Guleyaz and her brother Reza Koolee. We know nothing finer than the mutual affection of these orphans in all the compass of our imaginative literature. In the following passage we have Leilah, Guleyaz, and the prince together—the picture is very beautiful:—

"So deeply was she engrossed with these painful reflections, that she heeded not a light approaching footstep, nor the rustling of the withered herbage, louder than that which might be caused by the slight north wind, or the quick run of the lizard; nor was it until her garment was slightly touched, that the maiden started to her feet, uttered a half-suppressed shriek, and turned as if to fly: a gentle grasp restrained her, and, terror-struck, she looked around—it was her lover himself! It was his own speaking eye, with its mild and earnest gaze, that solicited, implored her to stay. What could she do?—what could she think? Terror, anguish, anxiety, doubt, all fled away, and pure, unalloyed delight absorbed her soul. It was her lover, safe and unharmed—true and devoted as ever: she saw him, heard him, drank in his eager accents, felt but his presence—that he she never hoped again to look upon was alive, and in her arms.

"It was long ere the passionate burst of feeling and surprise which overwhelmed the sensitive Leilah subsided sufficiently to admit of words. Her spirits, overwrought by the agitating events of the morning, were unequal to support so unexpected an excess of joy; and for a while, she could only sob, and clasp her lover in silence to her heart, unheeding of all beside. It was not until the tumult in her breast had begun to subside, and her mind became alive to his eager expressions, that a sense of her situation rushed upon her soul, and, deeply blushing, she withdrew her arms, and shrunk from his embrace. It was then, too, that Reza Koolee awoke from the delirious trance of bliss into which he had been plunged by the unguarded proofs of affection lavished on him for the first time by his mistress. Alarmed at her sudden shrinking, he sought to retain her in his grasp, with a flood of passionate remonstrances; but, once roused to recollection, the maiden pride and native modesty of Leilah were not again to be surprised.

"Ah, Reza Koolee!" she said, as she strove to adjust the slight veil, which, on her arrival at the shrine, she had removed—"this is wrong—we are much to blame. Thou knowest how wrong it is—and, merciful Allah! what may be the consequences! Thy life—"

"My life!" exclaimed the youth—"and is it for me thou fearest, Leilah? Oh! if it be for this unworthy head alone, my life were but a poor price for those testimonies of pure affection that have entranced my very soul—how willingly would I risk it to enjoy the dear delight. But dread nothing for me, dear Leilah! I am thy slave, but thine alone—ready to die for thee, but only at thy command! Leilah! the star of Reza Koolee is high in the firmament—it needs not the malice of his foes."

"Ah, friend!" said the still trembling Leilah—"what words are these? Dost thou forget that but some hours are past since thy life was in jeopardy from my fierce kindred? Oh, God! did I not hear the very cry of their wrath, and the clash of their swords, as they pressed forwards to dip their hands in thy blood?—doth not the hideous sound yet ring in my ears? Is not every branch of the house of Karagoorloo



bitter in the mouth of my father's family?—and yet here, in the very midst of their lands—surrounded by the tents of his tribe, and with thy hand on his daughter's robe—sayest thou, I am safe!

"Nay, by your own soul, light of my eyes!" exclaimed Reza Koolee, "but it is so. Knowest thou not that thy noble father hath sworn that the life of him who eats of his salt, and served him with his sword, shall be safe from all violence at the hands of his tribe? But fear not, my own Leilah: were it otherwise the period of danger is short—the hour has arrived, and Gholaum Allee Sheer departs."

"Ah! did I not feel this?—said I not so?" gasped the maiden. "It is true, then—we part, Reza Koolee—this meeting is our last—I knew it well: and, trembling, overpowered with her emotions, she once more sunk into the arms of her lover."

"Sweetest Leilah!" said the youth, after long indulging in the delicious feeling of pressing her to his breast, and exerting himself to sooth her bitter grief—"be not thus utterly cast down. Dear as these tears are to my soul, it breaks my heart to see thee thus: cheer up, light of my eyes!—I swear, by your life, and by your own soul, we shall meet again, and that full soon. They have rejected me, Leilah—the assembled tribe of Beyaut has thrust me forth, and defied me. Your noble father himself—may his prosperity increase!—while he acknowledged my services, saw fit to remind me that Koord and Beyaut could never match together—that the blood upon our hands cried out from the ground to forbid so inauspicious a union! Leilah! I am a chief—I love the high sentiments of a brave and generous soul—I cherish my tribe—I respect even their prejudices—but were the ghosts of every Koord that has fallen by the hand of a Beyaut to rise up in array against me, I would tell them, that the honour of their tribe could never be injured by the union of their chief with a noble and a virtuous girl—aye, though they were backed by all the oolemah of Iraun! I quit Kallah Feerozeh—I have left your father's service—I leave thee, too, my Leilah—but I have sworn by myself to return, and so to return that thy father himself shall no longer refuse me thy hand; and the Omnipotent Creator, who upholds justice and loves those who fear and serve him, will grant my prayers, and enable me to fulfil my vow!"

"Gazing through her tears on the animated countenance of her lover, Leilah for a moment forgot her own terrors, and shared his enthusiasm. Her slender form still hung upon his breast, and her lips had already parted to reply, when the tramp of a horse was heard rapidly approaching; and, in a moment after, the voice of the old moollah rose high in remonstrance with the rider."

"I tell thee, old man, the matter is of life or death!" exclaimed a voice of peculiar sweetness: "see him I must; thou art no friend of his, if thou seekest to hinder me: here he assuredly is—delay me, at thy peril!"

"The start of Reza Koolee, at the sound of those accents, seemed rather that of astonishment than alarm; for, though his eye was turned with eager gaze to the entrance, his hand gripped neither to sword nor dagger, and he still clasped the fragile form, which, sinking from his embrace, awaited the intrusion in dismay. Suspense was of short duration, for, in another moment, a figure, enveloped in a horseman's cloak and rough fur cap, whose face was muffled in a shawl, rushed into the inclosure and advanced with rapid step towards the lovers, followed by the old moollah."

"Almighty God! Guleyaz!" burst from the lips of Reza Koolee, as he gazed at the intruder."

"Aye, brother, it is she—Guleyaz herself, who, distracted with terror and anxiety on thy

account, and, without a messenger to trust to, has come in person to warn thee of thy danger—thy enemies prevail, and weave their toils around us while thou art dallying here."

"Done like my sister!—a step worthy of a highminded Koordish lady—but what are thy tidings? Thy last warning was well-timed—it may have saved thy brother;—what new danger threatens?"

"Brother, the tidings I have to tell are not for the ear of a stranger—we must be alone!" and the maiden cast a reproachful glance at the female form which still clung in amazement and fear around the Koordish chief."

"Sister," replied he, "in this fair creature behold the light of thy brother's eyes—the *kibleh* of his soul—this is Leilah, the daughter of Sirafraz Khan—what need I say more?"

"Allah kereem! Leilah!"

"Yes, Guleyaz—Leilah—that Leilah, so often the theme of thy brother's discourse—she for whom he has risked so much—for whom he is ready to sacrifice his life—whom thou, Guleyaz, hast promised to cherish for his sake, and whom thou wilt soon learn to love for her own."

"But alone with thee, and thus—at such a moment too!"

"Aye, sister, alone, yet protected by her innocence. By chance—a fortunate chance, we met where often we have met before, to part for a season. There remained but to exchange adieus when you appeared—until heaven might grant us a meeting under happier auspices."

"Daughter of my father's foe," said Guleyaz, "beloved of my beloved brother, receive a sister's embrace; may thy star be propitious; may Allah grant thee a favourable issue out of all thy troubles!—that which is dear to Reza Koolee must ever be precious to Guleyaz!"—and the gentle Leilah was enfolded in the affectionate embrace of the noble and not less beautiful, but more heroic Koordish maiden."

"In the name of the most merciful Creator, continue thus ever united, ye who are the life and soul of Reza Koolee—may heaven grant a happy result to this meeting! And now, Guleyaz, delay thy tidings no longer—they must decide my course."

"Alas, brother, God grant thee a fortunate decision, for my tidings are of evil. Mianabad is no longer open to thee—to the dwelling of thy fathers there is no return; and, unless thy hand be strong enough to expel the usurper, thy home must henceforth be with strangers!"

"Then let the usurper tremble!" replied Reza Koolee, fiercely; "for sure as the sun is in the heavens his hour will come—but what has occurred to increase the evil already so great?"

Some of the sudden marches over the desert, some of the adventures which befel the hero and his comrades, and some of the scenes which ensue when the hostile tribes oppose wile to wile, or scymitar to scymitar, are of a kind that will bear to be read oftener than once. The Introduction is a very vivid piece of writing; the author must have been a dweller among the wild generous people whom he paints."

*The Poems of William Drummond, of Hawthornden.* With Life by Peter Cunningham. London: Cochrane & M'Crone.

This is a welcome little volume—for the poems of Drummond are scarce, though worthy to be preserved; and we are indebted for it to a young friend, the son of Mr. Allan Cunningham. It is somewhat strange to us, but it is pretty certain, that the Scotch do not cordially like Drummond. An edition of his poems was published in London in 1656, with a preface by Edward Phillips,

the nephew of Milton; and in the subsequent two hundred years there has been, we believe, but one other (except, indeed, the folio of 1711, which includes all his works); and that also was published in London;—nay, the stinging bitterness of Gifford could not rouse their nationality; nor was anything done for his fame by Scotchmen, until lately, when Mr. David Laing published, under the sanction of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, some interesting extracts from the Hawthornden MSS.† Yet is there a great deal of sweet simplicity and graceful ease in Drummond's poetry—some of his sonnets, indeed, are inferior to few in our language. His mind was full of gentle thoughts, and his heart of gentle feelings: he delighted in silent communings with nature; and a sonnet seems to have been comprehensive enough for him. He has little vigour perhaps, and his longer poems want direct sincerity of purpose. Wherever he had space and verge enough he was apt to indulge in graceful trifling; and the varied learning which he scatters over his longer poems adds to this effect. Those, however, who think there is much to admire in him, have Milton with them: it is not improbable, indeed, that Phillips was influenced in selecting his works for republication by known opinions of his uncle. It is impossible, indeed, to read the earlier poems of Milton without seeing the influence that Drummond had on his young mind. Mr. Campbell is of opinion, that mere epithets only can be traced to Drummond; but surely the writer of 'Lycidas' had deeply felt the beauty of the following lines—

Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,  
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears  
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes.

And the following sonnet—

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends,  
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,  
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends  
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;  
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,  
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,  
May thee importune who like case pretends,  
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;  
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,  
And long long sing!) for what thou thus complain'st,  
Since winter's gone, and sun in dapple sky  
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?  
The bird, as if my questions did her move,  
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

But without reference to this subject, read the following,—and the reader will admire with us the fine use made of learning, which is but too often a dead weight in poetry.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,  
And silently her resty coach doth roll,  
Rousing with her from Thetis' azure bed,  
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;  
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,  
The Latman shepherd in a trance decrees,  
And looking pale from height of all the skies,  
She dies her beauties in a blushing red;  
While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,  
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,  
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep,  
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice;  
I wake, I turn, I weep oppress'd with pain,  
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

When Drummond was about to be married, and even the wedding day was fixed, his affianced bride died. His sorrows are beautifully alluded to.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,  
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,  
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,  
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.  
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,

And happy days, with thee come not again;  
The sad memorials only of my pain  
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sour.

† See *Athenæum*, No. 247.

Thou art the same which still thou wert before,  
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;  
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air  
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.  
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,  
When time forgot lies closed in a tomb.

What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,  
And skies enamel'd with the Indian gold?  
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,  
And all the glory of that starry place?  
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,  
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,  
The stately comeliness of forests old,  
The sport of floods which would themselves embrace?  
What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,  
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,  
Which in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs?  
For what doth serve all that this world contains,  
Since she, for whom those once to me were dear,  
Has none of part of them now with me here?

Shelley's exquisite poem, 'On a Guitar,'  
might almost have been suggested by these  
lines:—

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow  
With thy green mother in some shady grove.

The following poem is very beautiful, and  
written at some happier moment:—

Phœbus, arise,  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red;  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,  
That she thy career may with roses spread,  
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,  
Make an eternal spring.  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.  
Spread forth thy golden hair  
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,  
And emperor-like dethrone  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night,  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.  
This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wished day,  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,  
And Fates my hopes betray),  
Which (purely white) deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.  
If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay,  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play,  
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.  
The winds all silent are,  
And Phœbus in his chair,  
Ensaft'ning sea and air,  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.  
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:  
Here is a pleasant place,  
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

We could go on quoting passages and  
poems of equal delicacy and beauty; but had  
rather refer our readers to the graceful little  
volume itself. A Memoir precedes the  
Poems, in which Mr. Cunningham appears  
to have collected together the few facts  
known of Drummond's life.

*History of the Middle and Working Classes,*  
&c. London: Efringham Wilson.

*The Manufacturing Population of England.*  
By P. Gaskell, Esq. London: Baldwin  
& Co.

*Easy Lessons on Money Matters.* London:  
Parker.

LITTLE need be said to show the importance  
of diffusing correct information respecting the  
condition of the manufacturing population of  
Great Britain; notwithstanding all the ex-  
periments that have been made in the science  
of political economy, its principles have not  
yet been so firmly established as to afford a  
safe guide for legislation; and even were this  
not the case, there are countless circum-

stances of which theories take no notice, that  
may render the rigid application of abstract  
rule hazardous, and, perhaps, pernicious.  
Political economy is a science founded on  
observation: history is to that science what  
the records of the laboratory are to chem-  
istry, a detail of the experiments from  
which theories may be deduced: but the  
materials on which the chemist has to work  
are all under his control; he can remove ex-  
trinsic substances and disturbing forces, and  
gain a view of the naked experiment: no  
such advantage belongs to the political econ-  
omist; all the facts he views are complicated,  
and he can never be sure that he knows all  
the circumstances which have led to a given  
result. Neglect of this obvious truth has led  
to all the evils of commercial legislation, and  
has given to the reply of the French manu-  
facturers to Colbert, "Laissez nous faire,"  
the validity of an axiom: artisans soon dis-  
cover the evils of a vicious system, and apply  
to it more efficient remedies than the wisest  
philosopher could devise.

But though direct legislation on com-  
mercial matters appears to us greatly to be de-  
preciated, yet there may arise a state of so-  
ciety, from the variations of commerce, to  
which old laws would be inapplicable, and  
which would consequently require the adop-  
tion of new measures. Most of these, how-  
ever, would be matters connected with mun-  
icipal institutions and police; there is sound  
wisdom in the advice of the Apostle, "De-  
spise not the day of small things;" we trust  
to show that most of the acknowledged evils  
which beset our manufacturing population  
have arisen from the neglect of matters  
deemed too insignificant for the attention of  
the government.

The most striking fact in the first work  
upon our list is the amazing rapidity with  
which British manufactures have advanced—  
the formation almost of a second nation in  
this island, within a space of time not beyond  
the memory of living men. A population  
suddenly crowded into a town or district  
finds nothing prepared for its reception: ac-  
commodations must be provided in a hurry;  
in old houses several families occupy a single  
room; new houses are built in streets for  
which there is little time to provide sewer-  
age; space is economized, and the district  
becomes a warren of human beings. Under  
these circumstances, domestic privacy ceases  
to exist; outraged delicacy becomes blunted;  
and all the sensitive feelings, which are the  
safeguards of virtue, perish. On this topic  
Mr. Gaskell speaks from actual observation,  
and it will require no great waste of reflec-  
tion to discover that his horrifying picture is  
not overcharged. Yet it is sufficiently ob-  
vious that the evil might be greatly abated,  
if not wholly removed, by a few simple mun-  
icipal regulations.

Relaxation is necessary to all,—men,  
women, and children; if people have not  
innocent amusements, they will seek vicious  
indulgences, and yet it seems to have been  
the chief aim of a large class of moralists to  
limit the pleasures of the poor. Music in  
public-houses may have been abused, proflig-  
ate associates may be found at cheap dances,  
quarrels may have arisen in the skittle-  
ground, and wages have been wasted in the  
racket-court; but there are places still more  
dangerous than these, whose doors will be  
opened if the former are closed: it is both

wisdom and philanthropy, when we cannot  
secure absolute good, to choose the less evil.  
Mr. Slaney's proposal to open public parks in  
the vicinity of all large towns, deserves every  
support, and so does every attempt to enlarge  
the circle of cheap and innocent entertain-  
ment. In many country parts of Ireland, it  
is customary for the villagers to erect a rude  
kind of fives-court; it affords employment  
when work is scarce, and relaxation when  
business is over; one of these was destroyed  
by a landlord whose notions of morality were  
based on puritanism—and the introduction  
of whiteboyism on his estate dates from that  
day. Laws for enforcing the observance of  
the Sabbath might probably be found simi-  
larly injurious; secret vice might be ex-  
changed for public pleasure: the "pesti-  
lence that walketh in darkness" is more pe-  
rilous than "the arrow that flieth at noon-  
day."

Though we do not believe with Mr. Owen,  
that morality is wholly the creature of cir-  
cumstances, yet we cannot hide from our-  
selves that there may be situations fatal to  
the development of the social and domestic  
virtues; and we fear that such situations are  
too common in the manufacturing districts.  
A close and particular examination of the  
topic would not be suited to our columns, but  
we earnestly recommend to all who feel an  
interest in the subject the admirable work  
of Mr. Gaskell.

Only a small part of the 'History of the  
Working Classes' is devoted to its professed  
object; Mr. Wade has, unfortunately, been  
more ambitious to shine as an economist and  
a politician than as a historian. We say un-  
fortunately, not because we object either to  
his philosophy or his politics, but because  
we have abundance of both already, while  
our information respecting the history of  
industry is as yet trifling and scanty. As an  
economist, Mr. Wade excels chiefly on the  
poor laws. We doubt of his success in de-  
fending those combinations called Unions of  
Trades: so far as our own experience goes  
they have been uniformly found pernicious,  
and Mr. Gaskell adds his testimony to our  
observation. Dread of such combinations  
has prevented several capitalists from at-  
tempting to undertake public works in Ire-  
land. Mr. Wade's politics are of the radical  
hue, and therefore we place the more value  
on his support of a position which, though  
evident in every page of history, is too often  
practically discredited. It is this: that the  
lower ranks have owed their advancement  
in civilization and freedom to the exertions  
of the classes above them, and not to mem-  
bers of their own community. In fact, the  
inferior classes in most countries have been  
the chief obstacle to their improvement.  
Peter the Great encountered his fiercest op-  
position from the boors of Russia; the Spa-  
nish peasants overthrew the constitution;  
and the liberation of the Scotch colliers from  
a state of slavery was violently resisted by  
the colliers themselves. Hence it follows,  
that utility prescribes a limit to the diffusion  
of political power among the people, and  
that limit is the competency of exercising  
the power. Both Messrs. Gaskell and Wade  
insist on the advantages of diffusing edu-  
cation; their views on the subject are sound  
and practical, but the importance of the  
topic would demand from us a separate  
article.

The third work on our list is a collection of papers contributed to the *Saturday Magazine*, we believe, by the present Archbishop of Dublin. Its design is to convey the leading principles of political economy in a form level to the ordinary capacity of young or uneducated persons, and in this the author has been completely successful. We recommend the work to every class of readers; for, while it is intelligible to the uninitiated, it contains much that proficient in the science may read with advantage.

In taking leave of this subject, we cannot avoid recording our opinion, that municipal regulations for securing to the operatives domestic comfort, and opening to them means of social enjoyment, are the matters in which parliamentary interference is most imperatively required, and the only matters in which it will be certainly beneficial. In all the discussions between artisans and their employers, as in disputes between husband and wife, the meddling of a third party is mischievous; the persons whom the government interfere to serve will be the first to exclaim "*Laissez nous faire.*"

**Great Britain in 1833.** By Baron D'Haussez. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WE shall continue our extracts from these unpublished volumes.

*England and France.*—"Few foreigners land in England without being impressed with the conviction that a difference, manifested almost at every instant, exists between her manners and customs and those of other countries, and, above all, those of France—a difference which should be the subject of surprise and study; and that one is met at every instant by a sentiment of national superiority to which one is obliged to yield. After a little this opinion disappears: one sees that the costumes of all classes of society differ in nothing from those of the Continent—that the mode of address is the same, though in a certain degree less courteous; and that there exists not much more difference in the hotels, or in the prices which they demand. The comparison between England and the Continent ceases when one examines the roads and carriages: in this respect all is admirable, in reference to appearance or convenience, and it must unhesitatingly be admitted that in these matters England enjoys an immense superiority."

*Architectural Character of London.*—"In the more recently built parts of London there is nothing imposing but the breadth and handsome proportions of its streets; and in the city, nothing but its immense population and the impress of life which commerce imparts to it. With the exception of the churches, whose style, whether Greek or Gothic, is tolerably pure, few buildings fix the attention of a stranger; but a great number may surprise him into admiration by the profusion or the singularity of their ornaments, or by the beauty of their site. To this cause, and the irregularity in the line of buildings, is chiefly owing the effect produced by the houses in Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, and Regent's Park. So much pains have been taken to reproduce the ancient style of architecture, that one might fancy oneself in an ancient Greek or Roman city: there is not a house which has not a monumental character. The slightest examination reveals the numerous imperfections, the glaring faults of imitation without taste, without reason, and at variance with the commonest rules of art. The only object in studying such an architecture would

be to record its defects and endeavour to avoid them."

*The Drawing-room.*—"Ten o'clock has already struck: the ladies, who have been more than an hour in the drawing-room, await, round the tea-table, the end of the conversation which is still prolonged in the dining-room. Some strangers arrive; shake the hand of the mistress of the house, and exhibit a like politeness to such of the ladies present as they are acquainted with. They group themselves afterwards round the fire-place to chat together if they are intimate, or if they have been introduced; that is to say, if their names have been interchanged by the friendly agency of a third person. Without this formality, custom does not sanction any intercourse between strangers. The dinner guests enter the drawing-room one after another: they approach the ladies; they take coffee or tea, and sometimes liqueurs; they then form groups, and return to the eternal subject of politics, always, it must be admitted, discussed without violence or warmth, and with much forbearance towards opposite opinions. Some form parties to play at cards. Others approach the piano to hear a *sonata* coldly executed; or romances sung by voices often agreeable, but rarely animated: for in England music is not a passion nor even a taste. It is but an affair of *ton* and *convenance*, a means of killing time. Some of the ladies range themselves round a table covered with knick-knacks, which are passed from hand to hand with a lazy curiosity, and have no other merit than their exorbitant cost. How much better had the money squandered on them been applied to the purchase of clocks, wanting in all the English apartments, or to a more elegant species of furniture than that covered with printed calico, which one sees in the greater part of the best furnished *salons* of the capital."

"Albums, chiefly composed of engravings and coloured lithographs, as well as caricatures, are turned over, till the moment when the sated appetite is again stimulated by the display of cold meats, confectionary, and fruits, in an adjoining room. Sometimes the sound of the piano provokes a country-dance, wherein figure those pretty persons who have at last borrowed from France the graces which have always distinguished her dancers."

*Our Watering Places.*—"You may there see families pacing silently up and down the same walks, without accosting, without even saluting other families quite as *ennuyées* as themselves. There also you may perceive ladies seated in the balconies with book in hand, while their husbands behind them raise above their heads their telescopes, with which they follow the vessels that pass within view of the shore. There also may be perceived nurses and governesses superintending the children committed to their care, but in the countenances of all and each is imprinted an air of lassitude and weariness which no one seeks to dissemble. Those *gay réunions* to be seen in France are not known in England. In France the very sound of a violin is sufficient, at places of summer resort, to get up a ball in the middle of a wood or the corner of a meadow; and the flagging interest is in turn excited by cards, by readings, by shows, scenes of plays, walks in picturesque sites, or by conversation, for which food is found in the most frivolous anecdote, as well as in the knottiest political discussion. At Dieppe, at Plombières, in the Alps, in the Pyrenees, people amuse themselves; at the English watering-places people bathe, eat and drink, walk and sleep, and when *ennui* becomes insufferably heavy, go elsewhere in the hope of dissipating their disorder on the road; but it nevertheless generally happens, that they carry their distemper home with them."

*Administration of Justice.*—"In England, more

than in any other country, the administration of justice must be understood to mean the interpretation, capricious in its form, and strange in its effects, of laws of every date, without any homogeneity of spirit, and at variance with the actual condition of society. \* \* Justice, which is in certain cases very expeditious, is very slow in others. Her manner of proceeding is prompt, her motions are quick enough, when it is a question to imprison a man, to send him to Botany Bay, or to hang him outright. She moves heavily, slowly, she temporises, when the subject is a disputed succession, or the possession of a single field. Can it be, that in the first case the haste is gratuitous on the part of the judge, while in the second each of his delays is an immense profit to the court, its officers, and the bar! There are many people who think so, and there appears ground enough for this opinion, when each cause supplies exorbitant fees not only to the magistrates before whom it is brought, but also to other magistrates who are never likely to hear of it. These fees are renewed in the event of the most insignificant motion being made to the court. It often happens that years elapse before judgment is given in the simplest case, and law-suits are bequeathed from generation to generation, till an heir more favoured by fortune than his fellows finds himself rich enough to seek to revive the suit, or his opponent too poor to sustain it."

"In this boasted land of freedom, individual liberty can hourly be compromised. Let a man go before a magistrate—let him declare on oath that another is indebted to him a certain sum; and, without being held to proof of the debt—without the exhibition of any document or acknowledgment—without the privilege for the adverse party to contest his right, the creditor obtains a warrant of arrest, which is executed by bailiffs undistinguished by any exterior badge of office. Behold the pretended debtor imprisoned, and obliged, if he wishes to obtain his liberty, to find two persons who are to give bail for his appearance, under penalty of paying the sum which he is supposed to owe. Failing to obtain bail, he is locked up in prison till it may suit the creditor (and in this there is generally a considerable delay) to justify his action or to drop the suit. There is certainly a remedy provided against the creditor, but he often takes precautions to escape the action which may be commenced against him by the adverse party. Often, too, looking to the enormity of the expense, and the glorious uncertainty of the law, the latter hesitates to place his money in jeopardy, and puts up with the momentary sacrifice of his liberty."

"A magistrate in England never hesitates to pronounce in a case of affiliation, when the woman declares, on oath, that a person whom she names is the father of her child. Moral proof; rebutting testimony; nothing is admitted in favour of the man in a case like this, and a sum, large in proportion to the defendant's worldly means, is awarded to the complainant."

"It is not long since the killing of a hare or a pheasant was punished by the transportation of the poacher. The robbery of a few shillings renders the thief obnoxious to capital punishments, and one can hardly foresee what might be the consequences if a zealous Protestant magistrate took it into his head to bring into operation the unrepented laws of Elizabeth against the Catholics."

*Mad-houses in France and England.*—"What does the so much vaunted Bedlam present—what the greater part of the establishments for diseases of the mind? Prisons more or less spacious, in which the unfortunate inmates, to whom freedom is denied, are governed with a greater or less degree of severity. A uniform treatment is applied to all mental diseases, no matter how different in origin and progress."



With few exceptions, recourse is not had to that moral treatment appropriate to the origin and various symptoms of each malady: families and society are deprived of a being who tormented them; he is transferred to a sort of provisional tomb, until the real one opens to receive him. It rarely happens that the patient escapes this anticipated death, for the treatment he undergoes is little calculated to restore his reason.

"It is different in France. Mad-houses in that country, (and these are the best kept of all our hospitals,) are confided to pious women, who consecrate all that nature has bestowed on them of strength and sensibility—all that the hope of another life suggests to them of perseverance, and all that religion has imposed on them in the name of duty, to the service of the unfortunate bereaved. Night and day they remain by the side of the patients, humouring the capricious irregularity of their tempers, studying the character of their disease, seeking to discover the point in which they are accessible to reason, meditating on the means to restore them to their senses, and keeping out of view all that can tend to the irritation of those faculties which are out of order, and the seat of their complaint. Often do these admirable women attain their object, and this is certainly the sweetest recompense which this world can afford them."

*A brief Summary.*—"There is this peculiarity in the English character, that the defects of individuals and classes, far from militating against the general interest, operate rather in its favour. Thus, from the want of courage in the common people results the maintenance of order; from the pride of the better classes, national pride; from the thirst after riches, public wealth; from the sluggishness of imagination, the hatred of change and consequent stability of institutions; from the mania to distinguish oneself, strange but useful institutions; from the severity of the religion, a severity of manners; from a spirit of propagandism, the extension of English commerce in all quarters of the globe; from the distress of the parent state, the establishment of useful colonies; the sale of public places, even of seats in the national representation, more aptitude and stronger guarantees on the part of those who devote their fortune to the pursuit of such objects; from the revolting inequality in the division of property, a hierarchy which connects the state and private individuals in a common bond of union.

"This disposition of the social order, taken in its general sense, re-acts upon all the minor details; and the effect of it is that, notwithstanding the inconsistencies discoverable in its institutions, and the real and obvious defectiveness of its organization, England holds a very distinguished rank amongst the best governed and the most flourishing nations of the present day; and that, so far as they go back, all its historical recollections must, on a comparison with other countries, redound to its advantage."

*The Resistance of Water to the Passage of Boats upon Canals and other Bodies of Water; being the Results of Experiments made by John Macneill, Civil Engineer.*  
London: Roake & Varty.

This is a work of no ordinary interest to the scientific reader. The facts which it develops demand our attention—facts which tend to show the fallacy of hitherto received opinions, as to the power requisite to urge a floating body at high velocities. Our readers will, no doubt, remember, that we drew attention to this subject so far back as August last—and many, we know, were startled by the fact then recorded.

The theory of the Abbé Bossut, of Condorcet, D'Alembert, and of others, both in England and France, that the resistance to a boat when moving in water increased in the duplicate ratio of the velocity of the boat, is not attempted to be set aside by Mr. Macneill, in so far as low velocities—say under five and a half miles per hour—are to be measured and provided for; but he is of opinion, —and in this work he assigns his reasons, and records the experiments that lead to the conclusion—that at the higher velocities the theory is fallacious.

Aware that results differing so widely from received opinions would require strong confirmation, Mr. Macneill has judiciously given, not only detailed accounts of the apparatus which he employed, but also the names of those engineers and scientific gentlemen who assisted him.

Mr. Macneill says, it is not necessary to "consider the old law of the squares to be incorrectly stated;—in so far as the boat remains immersed in the water to the same water line, that law may be correct,—but that whenever the velocity of the boat is increased beyond a certain point, as will be seen hereafter, the boat emerges a little out of the water, and skims nearer the surface, the transverse section of immersion being lessened."

After numerous tables, showing the exact amount of tractive force which he found necessary at the different velocities, the author gives some tables which prove the rise of the boat out of the water, but not before he has reasoned in the following manner:—

"The object immediately in view, when we place a boat or barge upon water, is a good conveyance for persons and property. So is it when we place a wheeled carriage upon a gravelled road, or a sledge upon snow. The difference, however, in the modes of attaining this object, has been most striking. In each of these cases, the body to be moved has been rested on soft or yielding matter, and whilst, in the two latter cases, no mechanic would provide for the wheels of the carriage, or the runners of the sledge, a facility for cutting along, immersed in the softer matter under them, the boat builder seems to have studied how he could best keep his vessel ploughing her way. The case may be different with sea-going vessels, which are impelled by the action of a wind 'on the beam,' and ships of war, with their decks loaded with weighty guns: in such cases it is necessary that the vessel be a good deal immersed. Nor can it be satisfactorily shown that even sea-going ships would not be improved by such a build as would enable them to rise to the surface of the water. But, to pursue our *reductio ad absurdum*; there are many cases in navigation where a sharp 'cutwater' shape to a boat would be as unphilosophical, as a knife-edged fellow would be to a wheel intended for ploughed land. A cart-wheel will, on gravel or other yielding matter, sink to the determined line of gravitation with as much certainty as will a boat upon water; and a boat resting in water will (according to the velocity given to it, and the form of its prow and bottom) rise nearer the surface of the water, as well as a cart-wheel will rise, when put rapidly into motion. The difference of density is, no doubt, much greater in one case than in the other; but the water will resist the penetration of the boat in the same manner, though not in the same degree, as the soft gravel, or mould, resists the wheel. Notwithstanding a conclusion so obvious to those who know the laws of gravitation and the properties of matter —so easily calculated by every one who under-

stands any thing of the combination of forces, we find it has been neglected, in order to determine what law regulates the movement of a body immersed to the same depth, at all velocities.

"At a time when it was generally held, that the resistance to a vessel in the water increased in the duplicate ratio of the velocity of the vessel through the water, the now keenly contested merits of rail-way transport, and canal transport, were brought under public discussion. Experiments were instituted in order to confirm this law of resistance, but it occurred to none of the experimentalists that, although they could not increase the density of the water, or consolidate it, as has been done with roads for carriages, that they could still increase the relative resistance of water, by giving the boat such velocity that her prow could not penetrate fast enough, and thus that she should rise out of the fluid. They might have reasoned, by a perfectly fair analogy between conveyance on land or on snow, and conveyance on water, and have legitimately concluded that, as their object was not to cut through gravel, but to get on it, in the one case, so at high velocities in the other, they should not have endeavoured only to cut through the water, but also to raise the boat to the surface, and make her skim thereon.

"Such facts are obvious to all, who have seen a boy make a thin stone skim the surface of a lake,—who have watched the action of a cannon ball on the smooth sea,—who have felt the difficulty of making any impression upon the stream forced from the small aperture of a fire-engine hose-pipe,—or, indeed, who know any thing of the properties of matter."

This view Mr. Macneill holds to be satisfactorily proved by the experiments which are recorded in the work before us, and the author afterwards turns our attention to that method by which we may evade the law of resistance to bodies immersed in water, by such a form of boat as will rise more readily out of the water than the common boat.

With regard to steam-boats and row-boats, the author observes:—

"It has often been asserted, that such advantages, as we contend arise from the boat's emergence from the water at high velocities, have never been attained by boats 'with a power in them'; for instance, by such as a row-boat or a steam boat. With regard to the first of these, the row-boat, we can venture a sufficient reason for such having hitherto been a just remark. When the boatman is rowing his boat, with his face to the stern, by which position he is enabled to bring all the muscles of his legs to his aid, the antagonist muscles, flexors and extensors, are so caused to balance or counteract each other, that his body is for a part of the stroke, rested, not on the seat of the boat, but suspended, as it were, by a muscular rigidity, very much upon the heels. When, however, the blade of the oar has passed astern of the row-locks, and the intensity of muscular force is relaxed, the boatman seats himself with a thump, which, together with the resistance met with when lifting the oar, invariably dips the bow of the boat deeper, and so prevents her emerging from the water. With a very little attention to a boat when rowed upon smooth water, she may be seen to act in this manner; an oscillation will be perceived to a very considerable extent, occasioned by this shifting of the centre of gravity, not merely in short skiffs, but in the longest wherry or galleys on the Thames, at every stroke of the oars. In the case of steam-boats, it is also clearly to be seen that no attempt has been made to cause an emergence from the water. The improved speed of steamers within twenty years, has its foundation in the improved character of the machinery, and in the elongation and sharpening of the bows, but it has not been in any instance

by attempting to draw less water in proportion to her increased velocity.

"From the whole data furnished then, by the above course of experiments, we arrive at the conclusion that navigation, whether by Traction, or by impulsion of the oar or the paddle, is yet in its infancy. A bold assertion perhaps, considering how long we have held dominion of the deep; but one, notwithstanding, which we hope to see amply verified by general practice, before many years pass over us. Assuredly our boasted triumphs during the past, over the winds and the waves, will bear no proportion to those which yet lie before us. Hitherto the attention of the shipwright has been directed to giving the vessel velocity *through* the water; but when the velocity already gained shall be aided by the advantage of decreased draught, when the vessel is forced *over* the water, safety and comfort will be the alone limit to speed in nautical science. Shall we then, within sight of such important results, strike the sail of the little skiff by which the discovery has been made, and ride quietly at anchor, content to know that there lies within our reach what will bring so much nearer to our shores the commence of the world? Or shall the enterprise of this great commercial land, at once promptly furnish the means of confirming the accuracy of the above assertion, by a course of experiments, proportionate to the magnitude and importance of the subject, and adequate to bring such improvements into general navigation practice? Time will show, we hope soon, and trust favourably. Little can be said for the science of our country, if there be not a growing aptitude to shake off the *étourderies* of the past, and avail speedily of what tends so much to the common good. The steps now taking by some of the canal companies, in order to give premiums for good and quick boats, is worthy of example. And that department of Government which wields our triumphant navy, and to whose spirited conduct we are indebted for so many improvements in the steam marine, will not, we feel convinced, leave this important investigation to the industry and enterprise of individuals alone; but will, in the true spirit of its great trust, by a hearty extension of that power which has given to the mariner the ability of steering a direct course over 'the mountain wave,' enable him also to abridge, with advantage to his country's wealth and strength, the toils and perils of his 'home upon the deep.'"

This work is illustrated by plates of the different boats and other apparatus which the author employed.

When we consider that the income from canal property in this kingdom is 2,000,000*l.* yearly, and that the experiments and arguments in this paper affect not merely that income, but also the Navy Estimates of Great Britain, we cannot hesitate to acknowledge that the subject is one of great importance, and well deserving consideration.

*Le Nepenthes: Contes, Nouvelles, et Critiques.*

[*Nepenthe: Tales, Novels, and Criticisms.*]  
Par A. Loève-Veimars. Paris: Ladvocat;  
London, Dulau & Co.

ALL readers conversant with Milton know, that *Nepenthe* is a sleeping potion,—a modest title, which a man of superior talent has given to a very clever work. M. Loève-Veimars first became known at Paris by his excellent translation of Hoffmann. He afterwards published a delightful work under the name of the 'Viscountess of Chamilly,' consisting of proverbs and short dramas, in which brilliant wit, conveying the sharpest satire, sparkles through every page. M. Loève-Veimars has particularly applied himself to

the study of English and German literature, and is considered one of the best French critics of the day. His *feuilleton*, in the *Temps*, was certainly one of the most attractive in Paris; he was once the chief editor of that journal, which has greatly fallen since he left it. He now writes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is the author of the letters on French statesmen, which appeared in that periodical under the signature of West-End Review, and caused a great sensation at Paris. He often plays the Doctrinarians sad tricks: they admit him into their confidence, entertain him with their absurd speculations, and he lampoons them with all the poignancy of his satire.

The *Nepenthe* is worthy of his reputation. We only regret that want of space prevents us, this week, from giving extracts from it; but we purpose doing so in a future number.

*Exposition des Principes du Gouvernement Républicain, tel qu'il a été perfectionné en Amérique.* [An Exposition of the Principles of Republican Government, under the improved Form in which it exists in America.] Par Achille Murat. Paris: Paulin; London, Dulau & Co.

Achille Murat, the son of the soldier king, fallen from his high estate, has constituted himself an American citizen, and adopted the arduous career of the bar, as a means, but too probably, of existence, no less than of honourable distinction. This is no trifling token of energy and good sense; another testimony of a strong mind exists in the total triumph over royal and aristocratic prejudice which his work exhibits. The citizen of the freest country in the world is an uncompromising supporter of popular, or self-government. But though M. Murat has bound his destinies with another continent, his sympathies still extend to Europe, and more especially to that country to which his family owed its transient elevation to a throne. The work before us is composed with a special view to France and to its existing opinions. In his dedication to Andrew Jackson, the President of the United States, the author observes, that "in Europe, the reform, or movement party, is exerting itself on every point to obtain a republican government, more or less resembling that of America; but amidst all its activity, a complete ignorance of the practical part of the system is for ever paralyzing its efforts." Again, in the Introduction, he remarks: "I think it of consequence to open the eyes of the French nation (the guardian of the liberties of Europe) concerning the true principles of liberty and public order: I know that in those of the younger and more fiery portion of the republican party these terms appear in terrible opposition; but it is no fault of mine if the hatred of tyranny has made them mistake anarchy, and a violation of the most important social guarantees, for 'the republic.'" This has direct reference to the prevalence of co-operative, or St-Simonian doctrines, among the young enthusiasts of Paris. "Nothing," he says, "can be more contrary to the spirit of republicanism, which is based on election, free concurrence, and the exercise of individual rights, than this despotism. At all events, if such a system be really a progress in good government, still, in the order of things, it must come after republican liberty; and the

world should try the latter first. When the republic shall have destroyed monopoly and privilege, and equalized the rights and duties of all, it will be time for the St-Simonian Pope to set about overthrowing property, emancipating the women, and effecting the other trifling changes (*d'autres petites gentilles*) which he meditates—whatever may be men's opinions on this point, this is not the moment for discussing them. They should begin by constituting a government, before they inquire into the use they shall make of its powers, in the reform of the social and economical order."... "It is impossible to perpetuate an equality of fortunes; and moreover, an Agrarian law is no means of enriching the poor. On the contrary, it is the poor man's interest scrupulously to respect the property of those who have already made their fortune, in order that the world may respect his, when, in his turn, he shall have amassed a fortune of his own." This is sound sense, worthy of an accomplished and travelled observer; it is as applicable to a constitutional monarchy as to a republic.

The absurd notion, indeed, that projected ameliorations in government (call them reforms or revolutions) are expressly intended for the purposes of spoliation, is common both to friends and foes; and the hopes of the more ignorant portion of the ultra liberal party, are some justification of the fears of the more ignorant part of the ultra conservatives: we are not, then, we imagine, entering upon the forbidden field of mere local, temporary, and party politics, in impressing on the humbler classes of our readers the authority of an American citizen on this point. There is no security for the rights of the meanest subject, when those of the highest are attacked with impunity. The reverse of the proposition is a mere commonplace; but it is equally true in both cases. The aristocracy of France lost greatly by the confiscation of estates; but the people lost infinitely more by the unprincipled issue, and consequent depreciation, of assignats—by maximums, and by other similar frauds on the labouring population. When once justice is openly contemned in any society, there is no excess of villany and cruelty that may not be anticipated.

In discussing the federative element of the American Union, the author takes part with the President, against the separatists of the South; and there is some part of his argument that merits consideration. "A federal union of independent states amounts only to a perpetual league, and tends directly to anarchy; inasmuch as there is no forcing any one member to obey the common impulse, but by a declaration of war, and an *ipso facto* rupture of the union, which it is the object of such a league to preserve." Of this truth, the Irish had ample experience, in the regency question, which led to their political incorporation with the British empire; and there can be little rational doubt, that a separate and independent parliament in Ireland could not *now* subsist for a single year, without leading to a civil war, and a re-quest of that long-harassed land.

On the question of a connexion between church and state, our author, in his quality of a citizen of the American Union, is against an establishment. His views, however, on this subject, are not very consistent. In



p. 111 he says, "It is clear that what is called the property of the church was conferred on its ministers, in payment of certain services, to be rendered to the people; but it was so given in the interest of the people, and not out of love to the clergy. The property is in the party having a right to these services, and the usufruct alone belongs to the clergy." Yet he immediately adds, that "this property could never become national, till after the Catholic religion had ceased to exist in the land." But surely, if the property is in the people, it is national; and the nation is the sole judge whether the contract be duly fulfilled—whether the like services might be better performed on other terms—and whether other services might not be advantageously substituted, or the whole done away with, and the contract closed. This inconsistency (and it is not peculiar to the writer in question) arises from not going to the bottom of the inquiry. Right and obligation in all cases depend on the existence of a sensitive being who can enjoy or suffer by their dispensation. Why have I a right to my property, but because it cannot be taken from me without my being put to unmerited pain? There may be *damnum sine injuria*, but it is absurd to talk of *injuria sine damno*. Corporations, then, have rights, because those rights are supposed to do good to somebody. That somebody is, unquestionably, the public; to whose interests those of the usufructuary are clearly subordinate. But taking the usufructuary even to be the object of an endowment, and not the public, who are the proprietors, no one will dispute the right of the nation, at any time, to determine the existence of a corporation, and to cut off, *in futuro*, the succession of usufructuaries. When the last of these usufructuaries has ceased to exist, their rights become extinct with their persons, and the property can only revert to the original grantors, or, in their defect, to the country. Again, M. Murat clearly and properly lays it down, that freedom and good government depend on the implicit obedience of the minority to the will of the majority; if, therefore, the majority of the people choose to change their religion, or alter its mode of payment, it is clear that they may abate the religious corporations without the consent of the minority; or, (the interests of the living incumbents being respected) change the destination of its funds, without any infringement of the rights of property.

The 'Exposition des Principes du Gouvernement Républicain,' is the work of a very young man; and there are some points in it treated without a sufficiently mature consideration. On the whole, however, it is written with singular judgment, moderation, and natural good sense. We have no doubt that its lessons will have their due effect upon the younger politicians of France, to whom they are more especially addressed; and we heartily wish that some equally dispassionate and sensible observer would display the true principles of constitutional monarchy, for the benefit of Englishmen. Reform, the people of England will have; and it is most desirable that they should bring to its details a more competent degree of information than that which they at present generally possess.

To Mons. Murat we wish every success; and we are disposed to think that he will

find more genuine happiness in his adopted country, than would have awaited him on a throne, even in the voluptuous and enjoyable climate of "Naples the beautiful."

*Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger (Travels in the Regency of Algiers.)*

(Third Notice.)

M. Rozet gives a somewhat doubtful account of the origin of the Arab tribes inhabiting the Regency of Algiers; indeed, his speculations on points of remote history are generally crude and unsatisfactory.

The Arabs have been a much more powerful people than is generally supposed; and perhaps no nation has more extensively propagated its peculiar customs and its religion by means of colonization. In east, and west, and north Africa—almost throughout those vast regions, still so little known to Europeans—and even in the islands of the Mozambique channel, and at Madagascar, are to be found Arabs, and with them Islamism; not, indeed, pure Islamism, but mixed more or less with the barbarous, and often cruel, rites and superstitions of the conquered aborigines. In most of these countries the Arabs seem to have gradually declined from their former state of civilization to the lowest degree of ignorance and brutality; but they have preserved the distinctness of their race as well as of their religion; though the latter has become more corrupted in proportion to the distance from the far-famed birthplace of its founder.

The manners and customs of the Arabs of Algiers do not, according to M. Rozet's account, differ in any essential particulars from those of the Arabs of Egypt and of Arabia, which have been often described; we shall, therefore, pass hastily over this part of his work.

The Arabs inhabiting the Regency of Algiers (he says) may be divided into two great classes: those cultivating the soil, and who occupy houses and cottages; and the Nomadic or Bedouin Arabs, who dwell in tents, and are not attached to any particular part of the country. Both belong to the same race, and speak the same language, though their manner of living is very different.

The Arabs are generally tall and well formed, their bodies fleshy, without being either fat or thin. Their hair is black, their foreheads high, their eyes quick and piercing, their mouth and nose well made, their face oval, and their features rather long. Their skin is brown, sometimes olive; but I have seen many as black as negroes, without, however, losing any of the other characteristics of their race. \* \* \* The Arabs are proud and valiant; they cut off the heads of their vanquished enemies, but seldom add torture, like the Moors and the Berbers.

The tents of the Bedouins are formed of a black and white stuff made of cotton and camel's hair. The piece, which is very large, is fastened to stakes driven into the ground, and forms a tent in the shape of a prism, covering a space of about twelve feet long, and six or eight wide. This serves for a whole family, often consisting of a man, three or four women, and five or six children, who sleep in it pell-mell upon mats, with the weaving loom almost always set up in the middle. The wandering tribes live under the rule of a Schiek, and encamp in regular order, their tents forming a circle; and the intermediate space being allotted to their cattle. One tent in each tribe serves as a mosque. These tents are pitched so as to admit a free

circulation of air, which renders them very cool in summer. When we were encamped in the peninsula of Sydi-Efroudj, we had covered the bottom of our tents with earth all round; the consequence was, that during the heat of the day it was impossible to remain within them. In summer, the Bedouins sleep either within their tents, or in the open air around them; and the flocks and herds also remain outside; but in winter, the cows and sheep are shut up in the tents with the owners, whom they help to keep warm. There are some tents formed of several pieces of stuff joined together, and which are able to shelter vast numbers of sheep and cattle.

The Moslems of Barbary believe, as I have been informed, that those who are buried by Christians will not be admitted into paradise; and it is for this reason that they are always so anxious to get back the bodies of their slain. The following anecdote certainly proves the existence of some religious feeling of the kind.

An Arab Schiek, completely armed, and mounted upon a beautiful horse, appeared one day before a small fort at Oran, and asked to speak to the commanding officer. The latter, suspecting some snare, went out attended by a corporal and two men. The moment the Arab perceived the French officer, he presented his piece, and would have shot him, had not the corporal on the instant fired, and killed the Arab warrior, who was forthwith buried in the fort. The same evening some of his friends, although aware of his treachery, came to the fort, and entreated that his body might be given to them; but the officer refused, and they were forced to retire. Next day, a young negro woman, barefooted, with dishevelled hair, and weeping bitterly, obtained admittance to Colonel Lefol, and implored that her master's body might be restored to her. When the interpreter informed her that her request could not be complied with, she fell on her knees, and kissed the feet of all present; but finding her tears and supplications of no avail, she rolled herself frantically upon the ground, uttering the most distressing cries, and the soldiers were obliged to carry her away by force.

The predatory and thieving habits of the Bedouins render them formidable in the deserts of Asia and Africa; those of the Regency of Algiers have no persons to rob except the Jews and their own countrymen; but these they do not spare. One thing, however, surprised me at Algiers: there are a great number of shops so badly looked after in that city, that any passer-by might steal from them without being perceived; yet such robberies are very rare, although the streets are crowded with Bedouins from morning till night.

The Jews in the Regency of Algiers bear great resemblance, in manners and customs, to those descendants of the tribes of Israel found in other countries, where Islamism is the prevailing religion: they seem every where a degraded and despised race; but at Algiers they enjoyed great immunities, prior to the invasion of the Regency by the Turks. They attribute the settlement of their ancestors in the country to a miracle, the account of which we shall here translate:—

When the Moors possessed Spain, they allowed the Jews to settle among them, and carry on trade. The children of Israel, as in Egypt, increased and multiplied, and in a short time became very numerous. They had their magistrates, and their temples, and the free exercise of their religion. When the Christians drove the Moors from Spain, they allowed the Jews to remain in that country, and pursue the same avocations as before, on condition, however, that they conformed to the laws of the new government, under which they

considerably increased the riches they had acquired under the domination of the Moslems. The Christians at length became jealous of them; and in 1390, the Chief Rabbi of Seville, named Simon-Ben-Smia, a man of great talents, and possessing immense wealth, was arrested and thrown into prison, by order of the King of Spain, together with sixty chiefs of Jewish families, and many Moors still remaining in that city. Immediately after this, the Spaniards committed all sorts of excesses against the Jews, whom they plundered without mercy. Soon after the incarceration of the Rabbi, the king ordered that he and his fellow-captives should be put to death. On the day before that fixed for the execution, and when those confined with the Rabbi were giving way to despair and lamentations, Simon took a bit of charcoal, and drew a ship upon the prison wall: then turning towards the other prisoners:

"Let every one here present," said he, "who believes in Almighty God, and who wishes instantly to quit these walls, place his finger with me upon this ship."

All instantly did as Simon directed them, and immediately the drawing became a real ship, which began to move of itself; the captives got on board, the wall opened, the ship proceeded through the streets of Seville without injuring one of its astonished inhabitants, and went straight to the sea. It is not stated whether Simon then took the helm, and those with him served as seamen; but the vessel soon after anchored in the roads of Algiers—a city then inhabited by Moors and Arabs.

The crew of this miraculous vessel having stated how they had reached the African coast, were, by the advice of Sydi-Ben-Youcef, a holy Algerine Marabout, allowed to settle at Algiers. M. Rozet thus continues:—

The Rabbi then acquainted the magistrates of Algiers with the persecutions which the Jews were suffering from the Christians of Spain, and begged that all of his countrymen, who should arrive, might be favourably received. This was granted; but, as Simon foresaw that the children of Israel would soon become numerous in the Regency, he demanded a written treaty, in which the rights of the Jews, as well as their obligations towards the inhabitants and government, should be distinctly specified. This was complied with: the Jews obtained a separate burial ground, the free exercise of their religion, and the right of building as many temples as they wanted; they obtained, moreover, one-third of all trades and callings exercised at Algiers, and leave to make wine and spirits. This treaty was written upon parchment; and the Rabbis of Algiers possess it to this very day; but so soon as the Turks became masters of the country, the treaty fell into disuse.

Simon lived long enough to form a community of Jews in the regency, and to give an asylum to a great number of miserable people who had escaped from the cruelty of the Spaniards. After his death, he was buried in the cemetery of the Jews, now in ruins. \* \* \* The tomb of the celebrated rabbi is still to be seen: and every Jewish corpse is placed upon it previously to interment.

Such is the manner in which the Jews of Algiers state that they came into the country. I laughed at the story with one of them, a man of great information, who speaks several languages, and particularly French, remarkably well—but he gravely answered, "It is an article of our faith." \* \* \*

The trade of broker is the only one now exercised by the Jews, throughout the Barbary States. The upper classes transact business with the European merchants, those of the middle and lower classes act as agents to the

Arabs and Berbers, in their dealings either with the Turks, Moors, or Europeans. At Algiers an Arab would not sell a couple of fowls without the aid of a Jew, who has always a per centage for his trouble. This custom leads to great abuses, and it raises the price of every commodity brought to the city. \* \* \* As soon as a Bedouin arrives at one of the city gates, he is beset by a swarm of these brokers, each offering his services. The Arab continues his road without saying a word, fully persuaded that he shall not want a broker. If he is driving an ox or a cow to market, the Jews seize the animal: one takes hold of the tail, others of the horns and ears, and each pretending a priority of right, a battle often occurs. Meantime, the imperturbable Bedouin looks on without emotion, takes no notice of what is going on, and in no way interferes until his cow, or whatever he has, is sold; he then punctually pays the commission to the individual who has brought him the purchaser. Both the Arabs and the Berbers are extremely faithful in this particular: they never cheat a Jew of his commission. The following is an instance of this. As I was one day passing through the street called Bab-el-Ouad, I saw an Arab carrying a live leveret. Having asked him the price of the animal: "Two boudjou-rabias," replied a Jew near him. "What have you to do with it?" said I to the officious Jew, "Go about your business, or I will have you apprehended." The Hebrew, somewhat abashed, drew back a few paces. I then took the leveret, and gave the Arab two boudjou-rabias. Perceiving that he immediately advanced towards the Jew, I approached them, and the Jew ran off. I then told the Arab that he owed the Jew nothing, and might put the money into his purse; he looked at me without making any reply; but on turning my head, after I had left him, I saw him go to the Jew, who was waiting for him about forty paces further on, and pay the commission. \* \* \*

On the Turks acquiring the sovereignty of Algiers, the Jews lost most of the advantages which they had obtained through Simon the rabbi. \* \* \* The military despotism which, in course of time, oppressed both Mahometans and Jews, became excessively severe with regard to the latter. Often when the Janissaries met them in the streets they would beat and otherwise ill-treat them, without their daring to offer the least resistance; and their only resource was to run away, if they could. If any among them dared to complain, the *cadi* would ask the offending Turk why he had struck the Jew.

"Because he spoke ill of our holy religion," the Turk would reply.

This sealed the poor Jew's doom; he was immediately put to death, and his property confiscated to the state.

Under such circumstances, however, it was necessary to produce two Moslems as witnesses that the Jew had spoken against their religion; but this was always easy, and ten might always be found as readily as two.

When a Jew went to a fountain, he was obliged to wait till every Mussulman had left it, even those who arrived after him, before he dared to take a drop of water. \* \* \* He who passed before a mosque when the door was open, was often butchered by the populace if he chanced to turn his head towards the sacred building. The Jews were excluded from all public places frequented by the Mahometans, with the exception of the bazaars, from which even they were at times driven away. When a Jew met a Turk in the street, he was obliged to salute him, by bowing his head almost to the ground; if he failed, the ferocious Janissary would beat him, and often cut him with his yatagan. The Janissaries would enter the houses of the Israelites, as in fact they did

those of the Moors and Arabs residing out of the city, eat, drink, flirt with the women, and carry off everything they took a fancy to, without the master of the house daring to offer an objection; and this latter might think himself very fortunate when he did not get a blow or two from a yatagan. A Jew accused of an understanding with the enemies of the Algerine government, or of having committed the slightest fault against the state, was burned alive, unless he was able to pay an enormous ransom. \* \* \*

Though thus despised and degraded, the Jews of Algiers were nevertheless permitted to embrace Islamism, but only after having become Christians; because the Mahometans esteem the Christians much more than the Jews, and they would not allow the latter to rise all at once from so base a condition, to the sublime honour of becoming followers of the prophet.

Of the Turks and Koulouglis we shall here say but little. It is well known how the former obtained possession of Algiers; and M. Rozet promises, in his last volume, a particular account of the immense prerogatives they enjoyed under the government of the Deys. Of the Koulouglis, he informs us, that the descendants of those Turks who had intermarried with Christian slaves, were themselves considered Turks, but the offspring of such Turks as had allied themselves with Moorish women, formed a separate class, under the name of Koulouglis. These are generally a well-formed handsome race, possessing most of the vices of the Moors, but displaying much more refinement and cleanliness. With the Moorish features, they have whiter skins, and are more comely. They lead a life of ease and indolence, being generally rich, from the inheritance of their fathers; an inheritance accruing from the profits of piracy.

*Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: Cadell.*

The biographer of Sir Walter Scott may find much important matter in the present volume; it contains some of his earliest attempts in poetry; in 'Glenfinlas' he first laid his hand on the Scottish lyre, and waked a truly national note—in short, we are let into the secrets of his early compositions, and see the fruit forming out of the flower. In an Introduction to the Imitations of the Ancient Ballad, he speaks of himself and of his speculations with such a mixture of delicacy and openness as few could indulge in without vanity, yet he is never vain, nor does he withhold praise from others; in fact, he may be charged with being too lavish of encomiums. The chief charm of the essay abides with the communications which he makes regarding himself; it is a recent production, and brings down his opinions and notices to April 1830. Though a reprint, it is but little known, and, indeed, to many readers, cannot be otherwise than new. "Hardyknute," he says, in a note on Ramsay's songs, "was the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget;" but, perhaps, no ballad was unknown to him: his mind was stored, not only with batches of unutilized song, but with quantities of scraps and crumbs; nor could he tell a story or relate an incident without illustrating it from legendary verse. The wonder is not, therefore, that he is generally right, but that he is ever wrong; and yet we suspect he errs when he makes the 'Childe of Elle' to be the compo-

sition of Dr. Percy; it was, if we remember rightly, one of the tales contained in the far-famed ballad book which Percy so often mentions, and Ritson calls imaginary, and was eked out here and there, and touched up in sundry places in the spirit of the old bard; Wordsworth, we suspect, led his more accurate brother into the error—for it is one. "The ballad called Glenfinlas, was, I think, (he says,) the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the minstrel ballad. In one point the incidents of the poem were irreconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieftains, when they had a mind to 'hunt the dun deer down,' did not retreat into solitary bothies, or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions without a single gillie to help them; they assembled their clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring or inclosure called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, as Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam, like two moor-fowl shooters of the present day." The whole of this ballad is highly poetical—the visions of the seer are happily pictured.

The bark thou sawest yon summer morn  
So gaily part from Obans bay,  
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,  
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

Thy Fergus, too—thy sister's son,  
Thou sawest with pride the gallant's power,  
As marching 'gainst the lord of Doune,  
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

Thou only sawest their tartans wave,  
As down Benvoirloch's side they wound,  
Heard'st but the pibroch answering brave  
To many a target clanking round.

I heard the groans, I marked the tears,  
I saw the wound his bosom bore,  
When on the serried Saxon spears  
He poured his clan's resistless roar.

In these four verses we have the poet of 'Marmion' in all his martial vigour and vividness—nor is he less to our liking when the subject is softer: few readers can avoid shuddering when Moy discovers the pretended daughter of Glengyle to be a female demon come

To wile the wanderer to her wanton lair,  
and then tear him to pieces:—

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,  
And high his sable locks arose,  
And quick his colour went and came,  
As rage and fear alternate rose.

He muttered thrice St. Oran's rhyme,  
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer,  
Then turned him to the eastern clime,  
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And bending o'er his harp, he flung  
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;  
And loud and high and strange they rung,  
As many a magic change they find.

"The scenery of this, the author's first serious attempt in poetry," says the editor, re-appears in the 'Lady of the Lake,' in 'Waverley,' and in 'Rob Roy.' The music attached to the ballad comes from Abbotsford, and is very beautiful.

"Of the 'Eve of St. John,' Sir Walter says, "the incidents are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle person, during the proprietor's absence, had torn the iron-grated door of Smallholme Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down

the rock. I was a suitor to my friend and kinsman Mr. Scott, of Harden, that the mischief might be repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholme Tower. The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion, 'Glenfinlas,' and thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world with." On this ballad, Monk Lewis asks, "Why, in verse sixth, is the Baron's helmet hacked and hewed if (as we are given to understand) he had assassinated his enemy?" He might likewise have observed that it is rather a singular circumstance in the criminal intrigue carried on by the shameless lady, that she met her lover on the lonely beacon hill, stopped some time in his company, inveigled him into a fresh assignation, and parted without discovering that he was a Spirit.

The 'Gray Brother' is another of these exquisite compositions; the sterner parts are relieved by touches gentle and tender; it is a versified tradition related by John Clerk, of Eldin, author of the 'Essay on Naval Tactics.' The poet relates, in a very pleasing mood, how he submitted his three ballads to critical friends and friendly critics. "General applause," he observes, "was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author listened with becoming modesty, and, with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads; it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one in almost every case for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one." One of the severest of those censors was Monk Lewis; he first addressed him to the reformation of the rhyme; Scott, forming himself on the old ballad, adopted all its laxity of metre; if the lines rhymed to the ear he never thought of the eye, while his southern critic shared in the fastidiousness of Spenser, and required corresponding rhymes to the very letter. The letters of the critic on this subject are printed here, and refute the assertion hazarded by Byron, as reported by Medwin, that several of Scott's ballads were almost wholly by Lewis. There is no doubt that his suggestions rendered the rhyme less barbarous. Shower and Roar—Bar and Stair—Within and Strain—Hear and Air—Choir and Lore—and many more of a similar sort, he condemns as bad rhymes: bad rhyme, he says, in short, is no rhyme at all. We advise all young poets, all lovers of poetry, and all critics, to read Lewis's letters; he was, in those days, an arbiter in song, and Sir Walter informed us that the proudest of all his youthful days was that on which Monk Lewis invited him to dinner.

To us this is the most interesting of the four volumes; the Castle of Caerlaverock is a splendid baronial ruin on the Firth of Solway, once the residence of the all but princely family of Maxwell, and Hermitage Castle is a worthy companion—both are beautiful; but the real attractions of the volume reside in the Introduction.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE BLESSINGS OF BIOGRAPHY.

If you think a man to be a devil, and want to make him an angel, sit down to write a Biography of him: not a libel, not an eulogium, not a caricature, but a good downright Biography, so as to make what Mr. Cobbett would call a nice little book. Yet if you be disposed to make a big book instead of a little one, you may—and perhaps the bigger the better. There is scarcely room in the compass of a few sheets to make any great things of any man; true indeed, you may say in the few lines of an epitaph, that he was possessed of all the virtues under the sun; but that is nothing; any one may have as much for fifty shillings from an honest stone-mason. Moreover, when it is done, it is soon forgotten, and never believed: the writer does not believe it, the stone-mason does not believe it, and the gentle reader does not believe it—no, nor the tear-dropping passenger, nor the mourning survivors, though they may be so proud of their mourning as to exhibit it twice every Sunday at church, and six days every week at the theatre. But to make a man really a saint or an angel, or something of that kind, you must write his Biography in two volumes quarto: quartos unhappily are now going out of fashion, so perhaps we must, instead of two volumes quarto, say three volumes octavo.

Well, but must not the size of the Biography depend very much on the nature of the life that is written about, and on the number of its incidents? Oh dear no! don't you see that the size of a book depends upon the writer, or perhaps on the bookseller? Suppose the great publisher, Mr. —, were to say to you, "Write me a Life of Mr. Smith, late scenes-shifter at the Cobourg Theatre, in three volumes octavo, and I will pay you so much per sheet;" could you not do it? Certainly—I think I could.

Ah, very good; but now you have not the slightest idea what a prodigy of a man this Mr. Smith would be by the time that you got to the end of the third volume. I will let you into the secret. Just at this moment perhaps, and except with reference to the sum to be paid for the work, you have no great notion of this Mr. Smith: you know nothing about him, and you think that he was a person of very little consequence; and that his profession was not one of the most dignified or momentous in the world. Very true, but you will soon get over these obstacles—you will soon know something of him by your inquiries among his friends, kinsfolk, or companions; and the very idea of being paid for writing his Life, especially if you hope to get a little fame as well as cash, will at all events put you into good humour with the man. Your very first, or a very early, impression will be,

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

This couplet settles the question of importance at once, and forthwith Mr. Smith, late scene-shifter at the Cobourg Theatre, becomes, in the sight of his candid and impartial biographer, and of course in the eyes of all honest and unprejudiced readers, a man of as much true and real importance as George Washington or Lorenzo de' Medici—and of course, if Mr. Smith be a man of consequence, his biographer must be a man of consequence too—provided said Mr. Smith has acted well his part, on which, it appears, all his honour depends, and therefore it necessarily becomes the biographer's duty to find or make that out. As an honest and careful biographer you must ascertain when, where, of and by whom Mr. Smith was born, and you must ascertain who were the fathers and mothers of Mr. Smith's father and mother, and then again you must ascertain who were the fathers and mothers of Mr. Smith's father's and mother's



fathers and mothers—and so on, up to that period when people came into the world without fathers and mothers. In the course of this inquiry you will have to examine a great many parish registers, and to hold colloquy with a great many parish clerks, churchwardens, gravediggers, sextons, curates, rectors, overseers, sidesmen, beadles, &c. &c.—and you will tell them all, that you are engaged on a Biography of Mr. Smith, late scene-shifter at the Cobourg Theatre; and they will talk to you of the said Mr. Smith, and of his ancestors, till your head will be quite full of Mr. Smith—you will be thinking of him all day and dreaming of him all night—his image, if you know what he was like, will be with you in all your walks, and he will go down your throat with every mouthful that you eat and every glass that you drink—your whole system will be completely Smithified. And when you see what a prodigious number of ancestors were necessary to bring this Mr. Smith into the world, you cannot fail to regard him as a person of some consequence. Very well;—but now you are only at the beginning of your work, and yet you are full of Mr. Smith; your self-love is connected with the thought, and as you proceed in your preliminary investigations, and as your MS. begins to assume a readable, or, to speak more modestly, a printable form, your identification with your subject becomes stronger and stronger, and you confound your idea of yourself with your idea of Mr. Smith, till you scarcely know which is which. Moreover, at the commencement of your history you are tracing the various schools, if any, at which your subject received his education; and at this period you cannot call him Mister and don't like to call him Master, so you give him the name of "young Smith"; now there is something very endearing in the word *young*, especially when applied to the name of Smith, especially when forming part of a Biography to be extended to three volumes, especially when you are to be paid so much a sheet for your work when it is finished.

You trace then with great affection the steps of young Smith when he went to school. You find out that when at school he did something or nothing; if he did nothing he was a genius—he was engaged in the sublimities of thought, while other boys were stupidly and commonplacelessly learning to read and write and cast accounts; but if, contrary to the usual habit of genius, young Smith did learn his lessons, you will of course ascertain that he learned them with peculiar facility or astonishing profundity. By means of that diligent research with which all biographers should hunt after every relic or memento of the departed, you will be able perhaps to find a specimen of his proficiency in penmanship, with a fac-simile of which you will adorn the first volume of your work; and you will feel yourself a person of some importance when you are hurrying the engraver to make haste, and you will be delineating to your mind's eye the probable appearance of the book, with its fac-simile frontispiece, as it shall stand in the bookseller's window. As young Smith was human, of course he had his faults—there can be no such thing as denying it;—now here is the difficult and delicate task of a biographer; the management of your hero's faults and infirmities is the very hinge on which all the interest of biography turns. You cannot deny them, perhaps; but you can candidly and boldly confess them, and can make a much better apology for them than could the hero himself. The candour of confession takes off half the fault, and the ingenuity of excuse removes the other half. If young Smith was a troublesome, quarrelsome, mischievous boy, you will see indications of a high spirit and a certain sublime sort of promptness and decision of manner so exceedingly important to a scene-shifter;—for without prompt-

ness and decision in shifting the scenes, we might see a drawing-room blended with a robber's cave, or Charing Cross cheek by jowl with the grand Seigneur's seraglio. If, on the other hand, young Smith was a sly, skulking, demure young scoundrel, and a bit of a coward to boot, you can make a pretty declamation on the meekness and gentleness of his manners, and can talk of his reluctance to give offence—of his early tendency to philosophical seclusion, which in all probability suggested to him the retired and concealed office of scene-shifter, in preference to any more public situation on the boards, for which, no doubt, he was highly qualified save by his excessive modesty. To deny a fault which is obvious, is very bad policy; but to convert that fault into a virtue, is the very province and propriety of biography. Biography, indeed, has a morality altogether and peculiarly its own. It regards the transgressions of its hero with more than compassion, with something of complacency and approbation,—and the vices of a hero of biography are preferable to the virtues of any of his antagonists or opponents. In fact, a biographer cannot imagine an individual more wise and good than the subject of his pen. Then again, your hero most likely met with many troubles and reverses in the course of his life: with all these troubles you must sympathize, and you must do what you can to make the most of them; and, by making the most of his troubles, and the least of his vices, you very easily demonstrate that he did not deserve what he suffered; and nothing can be a more pitiable case than unmerited suffering. Only think, then, what an affection you must necessarily have for this Mr. Smith, after having gone through three volumes with all possible diligence, exhibiting all his virtues, softening his vices, exaggerating his sufferings, and magnifying his importance! You will begin to think that he is quite an historical personage, and that he was the master spirit of the age. You will imagine that the gap which his loss has made in society can never be filled again, or at least not for many years to come. You will rejoice that it was your privilege to be a coeval with Mr. Smith; and you will say, "He was a man, take him for all in all, we never shall look upon his like again."—Perhaps we shall not. So much for Biography.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE are few announcements in literature worth recording. One, however, cannot fail to give general satisfaction. Mrs. Hemans is preparing a work to be called, 'Studies of the German Poets,' to consist of translated Scenes and Lyrics from Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, and Oehlenschläger, with remarks on their several characteristics.

So far back as February twelvemonth, we gave a pretty full account of the munificent intentions of the Prebendaries of Durham, in the proposed establishment of a University in that city. We are now happy to announce, that all things are maturing, and that the University will open in October next. Originally, it was believed, that application must be made to government for a charter to enable them to confer degrees: it is, however, the opinion of those learned in such matters, that their recognition by law, as a University, does of itself bestow that power; and therefore, degrees will be conferred as at Oxford and Cambridge.

The Magazines of this month are scarcely so sprightly and dashing as we have seen them, though they abound with wholesome discussions and intelligence agreeably written. Mr. Bulwer, in a brief address, has bid farewell to the *New Monthly Magazine*: the pressure of public business, he says, has of late so greatly increased, as to oblige him to confine his views to his more

immediate duties: we are sorry for his going: he did not use his power to the injury of rising fame or established genius; and he contributed greatly to the diffusion of liberal opinions both in literature and politics. In the present number, he prints a part of his tragedy of 'Eugene Aram,' and some of the scenes are so bold and so happy, that we almost wish he had refrained from humbling it into prose. We have not heard the new editor named.

Blackwood has persuaded Tom Cringle to drop his Log: the maritime hero bids us farewell in this number. Wilson has renewed his lecture on the Greek Anthology, and is discursive, eloquent, critical, and learned. Some of the translations of Christopher North are particularly happy, and he keeps his ground against high names. For ourselves, we see more of the genius and manner of the old poets in literal prose translations, than in the most happy and well-weighted imitations—for many of our versions are no better.

Fraser is not brilliant this month: yet, George Cruikshank sitting in a pot-house on a barrel head, sketching scenes from the life, is a happy thing, and ought to sell the number. Crofton Croker would do well to translate his Irish Minstrelsy into the language and measure of our old ballad: Cary managed some of the French writers very happily in that way: it gives an antique air.

The *Metropolitan* has some clever papers: but among them, we cannot reckon Clavering's Autobiography: these articles grow tedious, and tell us little, and that little is sometimes not true; for instance, the writer says Milman the poet is a little spruce man. The most amusing part, is where the author gives us some insight into his ancestry; he is, it appears, sprung, like the nobleman in Hogarth's satiric print, from the bowels of William the Conqueror: we believe all this, but we care not to hear it so often. Peter Simple is our favourite still, in spite of the absence of Chucks the boatswain, and the death—premature, we aver—of Capt. Kearney; his successor Horton, we think, promises well—take for example these snatches of dialogue:

"I recollect a circumstance which occurred, which will prove the apathy of his disposition, and how unfit he was to command so fine a frigate. We had been scudding three days, when the weather became much worse. O'Brien, who had the middle watch, went down to report that 'it blew very hard.'"

"'Very well,' said the captain, 'let me know if it blows harder.'"

"In about an hour more the gale increased, and O'Brien went down again. 'It blows much harder, Captain Horton.'"

"'Very well,' answered Capt. Horton, turning in his cot. 'You may call me again—when it blows harder.'"

"About six bells the gale was at its height, and the wind roared in its fury. Down went O'Brien again. 'It blows tremendous hard now, Captain Horton.'"

"'Well, well, if the weather becomes worse—' 'It can't be worse,' interrupted O'Brien; 'it's impossible to blow harder.'"

"'Indeed! Well, then,' replied the Captain, 'let me know when it *tulls*.'"

"In the morning watch a similar circumstance took place. Mr. Phillott went down, and said that several of the convoy were out of sight astern. 'Shall we heave to, Capt. Horton?'"

"'O no,' replied he, 'she will be so uneasy. Let me know if you lose sight of any more.'"

"In another hour, the first lieutenant reported, 'that there were very few to be seen.'"

"'Very well,' Mr. Phillott, replied the Captain, turning round to sleep. 'Let me know if you lose any more.'"

"Some time elapsed, and the first lieutenant reported, 'that they were all out of sight.'"

"Very well, then," said the Captain, "call me when you see them again."

The *Monthly Magazine* has an interesting paper on the Verangians—the Saxon warriors who supported, in so many bloody fields, the throne of the Cæsars of the East. A series of papers on historic subjects of this nature, would find many readers; for instance, some information respecting the 12,000 British warriors who fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and aided him in crushing the Catholic League, would be very acceptable. They are mentioned but once, and that with contempt, by Schiller. But this inquiry would be more in character in the *United Service Journal*—a work of national and historical interest.

In the *Dublin University Magazine*, the Battle of Waterloo is fought over again—there seems little occasion for all this—we won the battle, and there is an end on't. The Epistle from London is not without merit.

There are three provincial Musical Festivals to take place this year: Norwich, Worcester, and Liverpool. Nearly all the principal talent in the musical profession have declined the engagements offered to them to attend at Norwich: we suspect, from this, that there has been an unwise economy.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

August 1.—N. A. Vigors, Esq. in the chair. —The monthly report of the council stated the cash receipts for the month of July to be 257l. 11s.; and the number of visitors to the garden and museum, 40,280. The secretary announced, that the first part of the 'Transactions of the Society' would be ready for delivery by the middle of the present month; and handsome, but as yet incomplete, specimens of the work were laid upon the table for examination. Forty-five candidates were elected Fellows of the Society.

## THEATRICALS

### KING'S THEATRE.

PASTA makes her last appearance this evening. Mad. de Meric has quitted town, on a musical tour in the west of England; and V. Galli has gone to the continent, leaving Donzelli, Tamburini, and Madame Castelli, to do the state what service they can, until Saturday next, when the Opera will close for the season. 'Cenerentola' has been twice given, with Malibran, Tamburini, Zuchelli, and Donzelli, in the four principal characters. The houses have not been so full as they ought, considering the attractions.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Buckstone was successful again on Thursday night at this theatre. The new production of this industrious B. is a two-act farce, light and lively as the prevailing weather, with a dash of sharpness here and there, like an occasional easterly wind, but much more agreeable. It is called, 'Nicholas Flam, Attorney-at-Law'; and exhibits Mr. Farren as an attorney in sharp practice, doing the best he can for his clients and himself, or rather himself and his clients, and supplying any deficiencies in evidence from his own fertile invention. Mr. Farren acted the part in a manner at once easy, natural, and effective. Nobody could have done it better; and it may be doubted if anybody else could have done it so well. The other parts are small ones, but neatly sketched by the author, and well filled in by Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Brindal, Mrs. W. Clifford, and Mr. Strickland. The dress and bearing of the lady, as an antiquated

spinster doing young, were excellent. Mr. Strickland was also extremely well dressed; and afforded another illustration of our position, that a highly comic appearance, on the stage, may be arrived at without violating common sense and everyday experience. The farce was well received, and much applauded.

## MISCELLANEA

The *Chichester Philosophical Society* closed the summer session with a lecture on Geology, by Mr. Barton, and one on Botany, by Mr. Smith. The circumstance is only remarkable, from these lectures having been given in the open air, on the South Down, on the top of a high hill between Chichester and Midhurst; and they were, of course, illustrated by direct reference to nature. The situation commands a magnificent view; the weather was fine; and all who attended appeared to be well pleased.

*A new Life Boat.*—An experiment was made, a few days ago, on the river, of the efficacy of the new patent taken out by Messrs. Scheerbooms, for converting a common boat into a life boat, and it is considered to have been eminently successful. The buoyancy is given to the boat by means of wooden boxes, placed beneath the seats and along the inside of the vessel, and filled with a substance impervious to wet, and three times more buoyant than cork. The boat, so prepared, was upset half-a-dozen times, and righted by the crew, who had buoyant jackets on, without the least difficulty.

*The Phantasmoscope.*—This is a new and exceedingly ingenious toy, designed by Professor Plateau, of Brussels, and first introduced to England at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. It consists of a series of cards, which being revolved before a looking glass, reflect the figures of animals in motion, with such truth as to excite not merely astonishment but admiration. It is published by Messrs. Ackermann.

*The Schoolmaster Abroad.*—The peculiar and felicitous style of Mr. W. M'Mahon may be, with some prospect of advantage, laid before the public, as a model for the imitation of Advertisers. We copy verbatim from a very neatly printed shop-bill:

"William M'Mahon, of Pallas-green, has arrived from Dublin with a large supply of things which he never had before and which he intends to make mention of:—a few fine cloths of different shades and colours, Silk ribbons of every description, also the greatest bargains of Laces 50 pieces of cord Cheaper than ever was seen in the country. Although Castor oil is on the rise, he will sell it at 3½ an ounce. &c."

"William M'Mahon forfeits himself that the blind and innocent will get as much justice as if they had twenty eyes. No reduction on Stuffs, Cottons, Tailor's, or checks but rather on the rise."

"N.B.—No credit given.—No second price. Neither will he open his doors when shut, until next morning."

"Pallis-green, July 4th, 1833."

Tipperary Free Press.

## EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

### Against the Proud.

The Sun we deem our God and guide—  
But if the Sun was fill'd with pride,  
I'd rather dwell in endless night  
Than from the proud derive my light.

### Dangerous Vices.

Wanton women, gaming,  
Wine, luxurious feeding,  
Soon the soul are taming,  
Quick to hell are leading.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 25	77 49	30.10	N.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 26	80 53	Stat.	W.	Clear.
Sat. 27	84 61	30.15	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 28	81 58	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 29	90 58	30.18	E.	Ditto.
Tues. 30	77 53	30.28	N.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 31	78 52	30.28	N.E.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus in all its varieties.

Mean temperature of the week, 69.5°. Greatest variation, 41°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.10.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 1 h. 8 min. No night.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Olympia Morata; her Times, Life, and Writings, by the Author of 'Selwyn.'

Mr. Agassiz's Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country.

Mrs. Bray is preparing a uniform edition of her Historical and Legendary Romances, to be published in Monthly Volumes.

The Rev. Charles Taylor is about to publish Quarterly, a Series of Narratives on the same subjects as Miss Martineau's Political Works, under the Title of 'Social Evils and their Remedy.' The first Number, entitled 'The Mechanic,' will appear on the first of September.

A Quarterly Magazine has been announced, to be published in Bengal, and edited by Mr. David Lester Richardson.

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